

The Kingdome Saved.

BY A

SEASONABLE

Discourse

OF THE

Right HONORABLE

THE

COUNTESSE

OF

Bridgwater's

GHOST:

TO THE

Present Court.

[by David Lloyd]

Being dead she yet speaketh: —

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The Kingdome Saved.

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SEASONABLE DISCOURSE

Of the

Right Honourable

THE

Countess of BRIDGWATER'S
GHOST:

TO THE

Present COURT.



Although I am so taken up
with the glory of this happy
World, that I have hardly
a thought to cast back to-
wards that unhappy one from
whence I came: - yet in the full enjoyment
of my God in whom I see all things, being
made acquainted with those apprehensions

A 1

ons;

ons, the persons I left behind me have of
 the late providence that surprized me and
 finding that all that pitty is bestowed up-
 on me who am now as far above pitty as I
 am above misery, which our God his An-
 gells and we the Souls made perfect know
 is more due to those poor Souls themselves,
 who still dwell with sin and misery; in
 love to those persons and things that make
 up the lower World, (for as our God is
 love, so we that are here with him do dwell
 in love) and as a return of that kindness
 they have for me, (for we have here not
 only a joy for any thing poor Mortalls do
 for their own good, but a pleasure like
 wife arising from for that respect and ho-
 nour they have for us) I must needs (now
 I am beyond the infirmities of my Sex as
 an Angell) acquaint that Court whereof
 I was once a part with those sad and peri-
 ous reflections which few men have below
 besides them that live by faith the evidence
 of things not seen,---and tast the Power
 of the World to come; and fewer dare
 plainly, and honestly represent save only
 they who look not at the things which are
 seen which are Temporal, but at the things
 which are not seen which are eternal :---I
 know indeed you have *Moses* and the Pro-
 phets

phers their holy Sermons, their great examples, their strict precepts, their ample encouragements and severe warnings; and if you are not convinced by their evidence and power, if you are not wrought upon by their holy perswasion, nor altered by that word that is mighty through Faith, and effectual in those that believe nor overcome by that holy Spirit that goeth along with their holy words and these are all the sacred meanes that heaven affords to prepare your immortal soul for it, in vaine do I rise from the dead:---yet let me awake those serious thoughts your holy Bookes and Sermons possessed your Soules with, 'and stir up your pure minds by
 'way of remembrance; that ye may be
 'mindfull of the words which were spoken
 'before by the holy Prophets, and of the
 'commandement of us the Apostles of
 'the Lord and Saviour: knowing this first
 'that there shall come in the last dayes
 'Scoffers walking after their own lusts
 'and saying where is the promise of his
 'coming? for since the Fathers fell asleep
 'all things continue as they were from the
 'beginning of the Creation,; but beloved
 'be not ignorant of this one thing that
 'one day is with the Lord as a thousand

' and a thousand yeares as one day ; the
 ' Lord is not slack concerning his promise
 ' as some men count slackness, but is long
 ' suffering to us ward, not willing that
 ' any should perish but that all should
 ' come to repentance ; but the day of the
 ' Lord will come as a thief in the night,
 ' in the which the Heavens shall pass away
 ' with great noise, and the Element shall
 ' melt with fervent heat, and the Earth al-
 ' so, and the workes that are therein shall
 ' be burned up :- seeing then that all these
 ' things shall be dissolved, what manner
 ' of persons ought ye to be in all holy
 ' conversation and godliness, looking for
 ' and hastning unto the - coming of the day
 ' of God : and seeing you must look for
 ' such things, how diligent ought ye to be
 ' that ye may be found of him in peace
 ' without spot, and blameless.

Although you live as if either this
 World should never have an end, or as if
 the other World should never have a be-
 ginning ; Yet now I have taught you by
 my sad example that there is nothing
 more certain then that you must leave
 this World ; and nothing more uncer-
 tain then the time when you must leave--
 you see that of the last day and last hour
 know-

knoweth no man; but as the dayes of
Noah were to the World in general, so
 is the coming of the Son of man to every
 soul in particular; for as in the dayes
 that were before the Flood they were eat-
 ing and drinking, marrying and giving
 in marriage untill the day that *Noah* en-
 tred into the Arke, and knew not till the
 Flood came and took them all away; so
 shall also the coming of the Son of man
 be: then may there be two in a house,
 the one taken and the other left; two
 Ladies in a Court, the one taken the other
 left: Indeed thus many of you are wil-
 lingly ignorant of that by the Word of
 God the Heavens were of old, and the
 Earth standing out of the Water and in
 the Water, whereby the World that
 then was being overflowed with Water,
 perished, but the Heavens and the Earth
 which are now by the same word are
 kept in store, reserved unto fire against
 the day of Judgement and perdition of
 ungodly men:-- Oh that you were wise!
 Oh that you would consider your later
 end! Oh that you saw as clearly what
 we are, as we see what you shall be;--but
 you put far from you the evil day, you are
 at ease in Zion, you lay upon Beds of

Ivory, and stretch your selves upon your Couches, and eat the Lambs out of the Flock, and the Calves out of the Stall, you chant to the sound of the Viol, and invent your selves Instruments of Musick like David; and drink Wine in Bowles and annoint your selves with the cheif Oyntment,---but alas ! you are not grieved for the affliction of *Ioseph*, you see some of you dropping to eternity on the one hand, and others entering to their everlasting state on the other, and this is the end of all the living, but you will not lay it to heart; indeed I said in mine heart as you do, go to now I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure, and behold now this is also vanity; I say now (and so all the Angels and Saints round about me) if laughter it is mad, and of mirth what doeth it : I sought in my heart to give my self to lawfull pleasure, (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the Sons of men, which they should do under the Heavens all the dayes of their lives, I made me great Workes, I builded me Houses, I planted me Vineyard, I made me Gardens and Orchards, and I planted Trees in them of all kind of Fruits,

Fruits, I made me Pooles of Water, I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house, also I had great Possessions of all things; I gat me men-Singers and women Singers, & the delights of the Sons of men; as Musical instruments, and that of all sorts; also my wisdom remained with me; and whatsoever mine eye desired I kept not from them, I withheld not mine heart from any joy, for my heart rejoiced in all my labour, and this was my portion of all my labour; but behold now I look on all the workes which mine hands have wrought, and on the labour which I have laboured to do; and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and there is no profit under the Sun: Indeed I thought as you, I might rejoyce in the dayes of my Youth, and let mine heart chear me in the dayes of my vanity, and that I might walk in the wayes of my heart and in the sight of mine eyes, and to remove sorrow from my heart, and evil from my flesh; (for Childhood and Youth are vanity, but alas! now for all these things God hath brought me to judgement;---) truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the Sun: but if one live many yeares, and rejoyce

in them all? yet let him remember the dayes of darknes, for they shall be many--- alas! all that cometh is vanity,---my life was once as hopefull as yours, my blood as young, my thoughts as unconcerned in this sad subject; my blush as fresh, my joynts as nimble, my self as healthy as any of you,---but alas! in the cutting off of my dayes, I am gone down unawares to the gates of the Grave; I am deprived of the residue of my yeares; I said I shall not see the Lord even the Lord in the Land of the living; I shall behold man no more with the Inhabitants of the World: at *Golgotha* are the Sculls of young and old,-- in the grave and in the land of forgetfulness I see those that have had no other business in the World but to be born that they might be able to die;---others that have taken one or two vaine turnes and suddenly given place to others; here are they that met with death in the highest pleasures of their life, they that went to their Beds well yet never to rise again untill the last day;---O ye that are born of Women you have but a short time to live; you come up indeed full of hope and expectation, and you are cut down like a flowre, you flee as it were a shadow and never

continue

continue in one stay ; in the midst of life
 you are in death, your Wine enflames you
 to a Feavor and you are consumed, your
 Table is your snare, and you are nourished
 for the Grave, the aire which is your life
 may conveigh the close contagion of death,
 if you abstaine you pine away, yet if you
 allow your self a freedome you surfet,
 there may be death in every thing you see,
 and every thing you do enjoy may let out
 your soul into another ; alas I did but hear
 a few unhappy words that had no harme in
 them, but the expence of time in telling
 and let them to my heart and dyed,---so
 fraile a thing is nature,--alas you walk in
 vaine shadow, verily every one living in
 the best estate is altogether vanity, and
 you know though you consider it not,
 (and its inconsideration that undoth the
 World,) ‘that there is a great orbiter of
 ‘all things, that can thunder the proud
 ‘Emperour under his bed, and write the
 ‘great King at three or four words into
 ‘trembling, that can send a fly to seich
 ‘the triple Crown before his tribunal ;
 ‘and make an hair or the kernel of a rayser
 ‘as immortal as *Goliaths* spear ; that can
 ‘unspeak the whole World to nothing ;
 ‘and blow down a great buble with an easie
 ‘breath ;

'breath; that by drawing one nayle can
 'throw down the stateliest building, and
 'undress your soules by unpining one pin;
 'he turneth man to destruction, againe he
 'saith returne ye Children of men, as soon
 'as he scattereth them they are even as
 'asleep, and fade away suddenly like the
 'grass, in the morning it is green, and
 'groweth up, but in the evening it is cut
 'down, dried up and withered; for we
 'consume away in his displeasure, and are
 'afraid at his wrathfull indignation: but
 'alas! who regardeth the power of his
 'anger? for thereafter as a man feareth so
 'is his displeasure; Ah poor soules how
 you play and please your selves upon the
 very brink of Eternity, and at the door
 of the Grave, when there are millions of
 accidents ready to wait upon you to open
 the door and let you in,---do not dayes
 and nights come very thick, are not your
 past yeares quickly gone, when you look
 back upon them are they not a very little
 time? are they not as yesterday when it
 is past? and as a watch in the night? and
 will not all the rest be shortly too, look
 on the Glasse, see how it runs, look on your
 Watch how fast it goeth;---what a short
 moment is that between you and eternity,
 what

what a step is it from hence to everlasting-
 ness? while you dress, you play, you vi-
 sit, you Complement, your unchangeable
 state hasteth neer while you feast, revell,
 or allow your selves the more innocent
 pleasures of nature, you are even entring
 upon it before you are---while your in-
 ward joy and content, your outward pomp
 and glory raise you, it may be in your own
 and in others thoughts beyond the com-
 mon state of Mortals; yet every thing
 round about you tell you you must re-
 member you are men, and that you must
 die like men and fall like one of the Prin-
 ces; the Grave from beneath is moved
 for you to meet you at your coming, it
 stirreth up the dead for you, even all the
 cheif ones of the earth, it hath raised up
 from their Thrones all the Kings of the
 Nations; all they shall speak, and say un-
 to you are you also become weak as we?
 are you become like unto us, your pomp
 is brought down to the Grave, and the
 noyse of the Vyols, the Worme is spread
 under you, and the Wormes cover you,
 and the poor people that have seen you
 in all your glory, and in amazed multitudes
 thronged round about you they shall now
 see, and shall narrowly look upon you and
 consider

consider you saying, are these the shining beauties of the Court, the Ornament of the place they lived in? was that neglected Skull, that head we see the other day plaited and curled, poudered and dressed, the employment of a Summer morning, where are now its pendants, Jewels, and its costly attire, what? remains there nothing of all that glory but Wormes, rottenness, and noysome dust? and is it come to pass as it is written, that instead of sweet smell there shall be a stinck; and instead of well set hair baldnesse: what say they are those two dark holes, those two sparkling eyes the seat of love and pleasure, is that dark face the seat of the Rose and Lilly, is that box of dust that pretty thing we loved, embraced and courted,---can you not look behind you and see how yesterday you were born, can you not look before you and see how to morrow you must die;---have you not so much foresight as to foresee that dying time when the face lookes pale, when the eye strings crack, when the daughters of musick are brought low, when desire shall fail,---when the heart strings break, and your friends round you groane and weep, and at last whisper to themselves he is dead, he is dead; do
you

you not see that sad solemnity, where with you are carried to your Grave by friends as you have carried friends, and as others shall do with them ;---do you not see the Mourners going about the Streets, and your selves going to your long home,--it is but a few dayes till your friends shall lay you in the Grave, and others do the like for them :--you now shine bright, you handsome but frail Glasses, but alas ! how quickly are you broken, what's your life but a day by dying, when every minute you part after that little breath that is in your nostrils,---you die because you live by dying, and you shall die not because you are sick but because you live.---

sect. 1. Indeed when I was in that other World I saw many Bookes, heard many holy discourses, & have been present at many solemn *Sermons*, but since I came up I have seen the conclusion of the whole matter ; and the sum is this, *O man reflect upon thy self,--remember thou art a man,--* consider whence thou camest, consider whither thou goest :--O you whom greatness environ on all parts, whose territories are large, and minds larger, see yonder one small under contains your *all*,---you whom Crownes adorne, and Swords with

with Scepters guord, how many thousand Crownes and Scepters do I now see laid before the feet of him that sits upon the Throne, & before the Lamb for evermore; while their undistinguished ashes, and forgotten reliques sleep with you till time shall be no more, --- & that Sacred Majesty to which I was once Subject, knowes that he walked over his dead Ancestors to take his Crown, as his Successors shall walk over his: it's an obvious meditation that of all their Territories there remaines but one poor peice of ground to bury all the glory of a thousand yeares, how great? and yet how despicable, how glorious yet how naked, how royal yet how nothing: Gods? yet Wormes and no men, some of these men have not so much as a little dust remaining to shew that they were men ---

It's true you have high and noble pleasures, but look upon me and you will see the pleasures of sin are for a season and no more; what now is your whole Court to me, what will it be a few dayes hence to you, I am dead to the World, you shall be so, you rejoyce, and treat, and please and are pleased, and I am unconcerned now, and you shall be; that life of sense we
thought

thought our highest life is dead, and there
 remaines no more but rational solid, high
 and spiritual delights, such as the Preachers
 talked on, I know now no other joy but
 that in believing that we laughed at; that
 Kingdome of God within us, that is peace
 and joy in the holy Ghost; there remaines
 no more of former pleasure but a sad
 thought I should be so deceived, that man-
 kind should live so much below themselves
 upon delights so sensual, so earthy, so base,
 so poor, and so disproportioned to the na-
 ture, and the wants of an immortal soul;--
 the life that I now live is not that poor
 life of nature, my life is hid with Christ
 in God;---and now I am awaked, I am sa-
 tisfied with his likeness in whose presence
 there is fullness of joy, and at whose right
 hand there are pleasures for evermore :---
 ah lock on me, and abate your pleasures,
 appease your lusts, lay aside your vanity,
 loose your hearts, neglect your beauties,
 alas ! the Courier and the Peasant, the
 great, the poor, the Honourable here
 where I am, mingle a common dust, and tell
 all the World all ashes are equal, but their
 accounts not so; remember that sad hour
 when you as well as I shal say to corruption
 Thou art my Father, and to the Wormes,

thou art my Mother and my Sister. O sad!
 you are playing, and you are dying;--the
 fashion passeth away and goeth by you to-
 wards nothing and annihilation and you
 towards your eternity; to day I call you
 great, serene, sacred, honourable, and what
 not out of all the swelling Titles of ho-
 nour; and to morrow I call you Skeleton
 and dust,--to day you are revered and
 feared round about you by those that to
 morrow shall tread you under ground:
 did I say you *are*? alas your former life
 is past and irrecoverable; that part that is
 to come is in Gods hand, not yet yours;
 your age is nothing to God, your age is
 nothing unto us that are with God; before
 time was you were nothing here,--and in
 time that shall shortly be you shall be no-
 thing.---Among other Bookes my Closet
 was furnished withall, one was *Dr. Taylors*
 Book of holy Dying, out of whom I re-
 commend to you one sad passage.

‘*Ninus* the Assyrian had an Ocean of
 ‘Gold, and other riches more than the sand
 ‘in the Caspian Sea; he never saw the stars,
 ‘and perhaps he never desired it; he never
 ‘stirred up the holy fire among the *Magi*,
 ‘nor touched his God with the sacred rod
 ‘according to the Laws; he never offer-

ed

'ed sacrifice, nor worshipped the Deity;
 'nor administred justice, nor spake to his
 'people, nor numbered them; but he was
 'most valiant to eat and drink, and having
 'mingled his Wines he threw the rest up-
 'on the stones: This man is dead: Be-
 'hold his Sepulchre, and now hear where
 'Ninus is. Sometimes I was *Ninus*, and
 'drew the breath of a living man, but now
 'am nothing but clay. I have nothing but
 'what I did eat, and what I served to my
 'self in lust [that was and is all my por-
 'tion:] the wealth with which I was
 '[esteemed] blessed, my enemies meet-
 'ing together shall bear away, as the mad
 'Thyades carry a raw Goat. I am gone to
 'Hell, and when I went thither, I neither
 'carried Gold, nor Horse, nor silver Cha-
 'riot. I that wore a Miter, am now a
 'little heap of dust.

Lord, how the Angels pittie your poor
 greatnesse, how Saints made perfect are
 here concerned to see those poor trifles;
 immortall soules lose themselves; how I
 am ashamed I lived to no higher
 pleasures then a Beast, I lived, I eat,
 I drank, I saw, heard, and smelt, felt, and
 tasted as they do, and as they dyed, when I
 had the reason of God, the nature of An-

gels, the principles of Heaven, what great a change do I see below ! I heard nothing but, Come let's be *merry* and rejoyce our souls in *frollick* and in *fresh delights* : Let's skruce our pamper'd hearts a pitch beyond the reach of dull-brow'd sorrow : Let's passe the slow-pac'd time in melancholy-charming *mirth*, and take the advantage of our *youthful* daies : Let's banish *care* to the dead Sea of Phlegmatick *old age* : Let a *deep sigh* be *high Treason*, and let a *solemn look* be adjudg'd a *Crime* too great for *Pardon*. My serious *studies* shall be to draw *mirth* into a body, to analyse *laughter*, and to paraphrase upon the various Texts of all *delight*. My *recreations* shall be to still *Pleasure* into a quintessence, to reduce *Beautie* to her first principles, and to extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milk-white Doves of *Venus*. Why should I spend my precious minutes in the fullest and dejected shades of *sadness* ? or rave out my short-liv'd dayes in solemn and heart breaking *Care* ? Houses have Eagle wings, and when their hasty flight shall put a period to our numbred dayes, the World is gone with us, and all our forgotten joyes are left to be enjoyed by the succeeding Generations, and we are snare

we know not how, we know not whether,
 and wrapt in the dark bosome of eternal
 night. Come then, my soul, be wise, make
 use of the *Time present*: that which is
 gone is past recalling, lost, and not to be
 redeem'd. Eat thy Bread with a *merry*
 heart, and gulp down *care* in *frolick* cups
 of liberal Wine. Beguile the tedious
 nights with *dalliance*, and steep thy stupid
 senses in unctions, in delightful *sports*:
 Tis all the portion that this transitory
 World can give thee. Let Musick, Voices,
 Masques, midnight Revels, and all that
 melancholy wisdom censures *vain*, be thy
delights; and let thy care-abjuring soul
cheer up and *sweeten* the short daies of thy
 consuming youth. Follow the *maies* of thy
 own heart, and take the freedome of thy
 sweet *desires*. Leave no *delight* untryed,
 and spare no cost to heighten up thy *lusts*.
 Take *pleasure* in the choice of *pleasures*, and
 please thy curious eyes with all *varieties*,
 to satisfie thy soul in all things which thy
 heart *desires*. I, but my soul, when those
evil daies shall comewherein thy *wasting*
pleasures shall present their *Items* to thy
bed-rid view, when all *diseases* and the *evils*
 of age shall muster up their Forces in thy
 crasy bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

' Here they say, Come let us contem-
 ' plate and enjoy the divine nature, and
 ' know that being to know whom is eternal
 ' life,--bid farewell to your sins, your
 ' pleasure, your lower nature, and enjoy-
 ' ments, farewell our hope, our fear, our
 ' faith ;--come encircle your self in this
 ' eternity, come, come and live, and ever
 ' live, and praise your good, and ever ever
 ' praise ; come say they, forget thy former
 ' life, that dream and dotage, think not,
 ' look not, speak not, as an earthly Worme
 ' now thou art in Heaven ; seest thou yor-
 ' der the glorious company of the Apostles,
 ' the goodly fellowship of the Prophets,
 ' the noble Army of Martyrs, the holy
 ' Church throughout the World :--how
 pure are all their thoughts, how high their
 contemplations, how heavenly their de-
 lights ; come say they, for this thou art
 born,--stir up all the powers of the soul
 about the ordinary rate of nature, and en-
 joy a God ; come hirher O serious and
 holy mind, enjoy the sweet pleasure that
 is between an understanding and an eternal
 truth ; it's good to be here, thou knewest
 in part ; but now when that which is per-
 fect is come, that which is in part must be
 done away,--thou sawest through a Glasse
 darkly,

darkly, now see face to face ; -- thou knewest but in part ; now know even as thou art known, draw neer say my fellow, — inhabitants of glory, bring hither thy strongest love and satisfy it in his bosome who is love, — bring hither thy joy to be filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory ; here say they, is that pleasure which eye never saw, ear never heard, it never entered into the heart of man to conceive, — rejoyce in the Lord, (say they) and againe they say rejoyce, — and if the first Glance, &c.

When first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie

Weltring in sin :

I felt a sugred strange delight,
Passing all Cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,

And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm

His swing and sway :

But still thy sweet original joy
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control

And got the day.

If thy first Glance so powerful be,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again ;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see

Thy full-ey'd love !

When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More then a thousand Suns disburse in light
In heav'n above !

ah, Sirs—I pitty your highest pleasures.
False glozing pleasures, casks of happiness,
Foolish night-fires, womens & childrens wishes,
Chases in Arras, gilded emptiness,
Shadowes well mounted, dreames in career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing betwe'n two dishes;
These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrow, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone,
These are the sorrows here.

But Oh the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
Before a Court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Then miseries are here !

2. *Self.* Some of you have thought
you might eat and drink, and to morrow
you might die; and that after death was
nothing, and that death it self is nothing,
and so the thoughts of death heighten your
excesses, break the Beds; think you, drink
your Wine, Crown your heads with Roses,
and besmeare your curled Lockes with
Nard;—

Nard ;—there is nothing (you say) better for a man then that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour, for that is his portion ; for who shall bring him to see that which shall be after him ? alas now I see what shall be after us ; I do survive my self, and behold that eternity I could scarcely believe,—now I see that everlasting state that depends on this short moment,—this instant (Sirs) I know shall never return again ; ‘ And yet no
 ‘ doubt this instant may declare or secure
 ‘ the fortune of a whole eternity ; ‘ Life
 ‘ you see is short, beauty is deceitfull, the
 ‘ World is perishing, pleasure and plenty
 ‘ are uncerttain, death is the period of all ;—
 you see (Sirs) you have no continuing city here, you must look for one to come, whose Walls and foundation is God, where you may rest, or else be restless for ever !

In breife, I see you must

Acquit your selves like men.

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go :

Deferre not the least virtue : life's poor span

Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the paines:

If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains:

3. *Señ.* Alas you see you must confine your hopes and cut short your designes; this
 day

day is yours, yesterday was mine ; our God only knowes what shall be to morrow,—you know not whether to morrow you may go, to a Play, or to your Grave;— We see here in the Book of Life that many that live to day, must die before to morrow, even while their hopes are full, their expectations great, their designe forward, and the event of it at the door, and even then at that door their bodies may be carried out before their expectation shall enter into fruition ; vaine and dangerous are those projects that discompose our present duty by long and future designes ; such as by casting our thoughts to events at distance, make us less to remember our death standing at the door ; I entertained thoughts at yeares distance for my self and Children, but in a moment went I down to my Grave, and then all my thoughts perished ; I said indeed to day or to morrow I would do such things, but you see I knew not what should be to morrow, for what was our life ? it was but even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanished away ; whereas we ought to say if the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that,—otherwise in vaine do we plot, project, and continue, and busie our selves

selves in idle toyles, night enters in upon us and tells the World how like fooles we lived and how deceived and miserably we died : I read and I was effected with those words.

The wild fellow in *Petronius* that escaped upon a brok'n table from the furies of a shipwrack, as he was sunning himself upon a rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy the sea towards the shore to find a grave, and it cast him into some sad thoughts, that peradventure this mans wife in some part of the Continent, safe and warme, looks next moneth for the good mans return ; or it may be his son knowes nothing of the tempest ; or his Father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old mans cheek ever since he took a kind farewell ; and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returnes into the circle of his Fathers arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs : a dark night, and an ill Guide, a boysterous sea, and a broken Cable, a hard rock, and a rough wind dath'd in pieces the fortune
of

of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident, are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwrack. Then looking upon the carcasse, he knew it, and found it to be the Master of the Ship, who the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade and named the day, when he thought to be at home : see how the man swims who was so angry two dayes since ; his passions are becalm'd with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive, seldome trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

But seas alone do not break our Vessel in pieces : Everywhere we may be shipwracked. A valiant General when he is to reap the harvest of his Crowns and triumphs, fights unprosperously, or falls into a Fever with joy and wine, and changes his Lawrel into Cypress, his triumphal Chariot to an Hearse ; dying the night before he was appointed to perish in the drunkenness of his festival joyes. It was a sad arrest of the looseness and wilder feasts of the French Court, when their King
[Henry]

[Henry 2.] was killed really by the sportive Image of a fight. And many Brides have died under the hands of Paranympths and Maidens dressing them for uneasy joy, the new and undiscerned chains of marriage : according to the saying of *Bensirah* the wise Jew, '*The Bride went into her Chamber, and knew not what should befall her there.* Some have been paying their vows and giving thanks for a prosperous return to their own house, and the roof hath descended upon their heads, and turned their loud religion into the deeper silence of a grave. And how many teeming Mothers have rejoyced over their swelling Wombs, and pleased themselves in becoming the channels of blessing to a Family ; and the Midwife hath quickly bound their heads and feet, and carried them forth to burial? Or else the birth-day of an Heir hath seen the Coffin of the Father brought into the house, and the divided Mother hath been forced to travel twice, with a painfull birth, and a sadder death.

ScE. 4. Ah sirs, if wealth, if honour, if an universal love, if prayers, if teares, if all a Court afforded, could have reprimed me, I had not been now as free among the dead ; all these failed me in a dying hour,
and

and profited not in an evil day ; — The Fathers saith Christ, had eaten Manna, even Angels food and are dead, — and we enjoyed a whole Courts pleasure, plenty and honour, and we are dead, — we are born, we die, we are born crying, we live laughing, we die fighting, — when death surprized I looked to former pleasures and they were gone as if they had never been ; and there remained no more but sad feares of torments that shall never have an end of being ; what remorse, what anguish, and what vexation that I was so deluded ! I looked every way for help, but alas I find my self helpless ; the eyes that saw much pleasure could spie no comfort ; my eye strings cracked, and then I bid all things good-night ; those eares of mine that were used to the pleasures of discourse and Musick, but alas ! these daughters of Musick failed and could not hear at all, — that tongue that had once words at will, is at that hour speechless, able neither to speak to God or man ; and now I know not what to do, but my eyes and heart were up unto God, Oh I had none in Heaven but him, I had none in the earth besides him ; all the World stands aloose of me, either not willing or not able to help,
some

some things pitty me not, others can do no
more but pitty, --there stood none by me
but grace and virtue, my Saviour and my
God,—ah said I.—

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at Gods way of salvation.
Whom Oyl and Balsams kill, what slave can cure?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.

The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly.

Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?
Surname up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.

Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too

Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be

Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely: play the man;

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

Defer not the least vertue: lifes poor span

Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:

If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

And then I went to my God and to my
prayer, and thought *Herbert's* prayer.

Prayer.

Of what an easie quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly

May our requests thy ear invade!

To shew that state dislikes not easiness.

If I but list mine eyes, my suit is made:

Thou canst no more not hear, then thou canst die.

Of what supreme Almighty power

Is thy great arm, which spans the East and West,
 And tacks the Centre to the Sphere !
 By it do all things live their measur'd hour :
 We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
 Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
 Art thou possesst, who, when thou couldst not dy,
 Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
 And for our sakes in person sin reprove ;
 That by destroying that which ty'd thy purse,
 Thou mightst make way for liberality !

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love ; I value prayer so,
 That were I to leave all but one,
 Wealth, fame, endowments, virtue, all should go :
 I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain for each inch lost an ell.

¶ *Vanity.*

Poor silly soul, whose hope and head lies low ;
 Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow ;
 To whom the Stars shine not so fair, as eyes ;
 Nor solid work, as false embroyderies :
 Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure
 And write for sweet, prove a most sowre dis-
 (pleasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting

May come too late !

To purchase Heaven for repenting,

Is no hard rate.

If souls be made of earthly mould,

Let them love Gold ;

If born on high,

Let them unto their kindred flie :

For they can never be at rest,

Till

Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then silly soul take heed: for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ Mans medly.

Heark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.

All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.

Yet, if we rightly measure,

Mans joy and pleasure

Rather hereafter, then in present is.

To this life things of sense

Make their pretense:

In th'other Angels have a right by birth:

Man ties them both alone,

And makes them one,

With th'one hand touching heaven, with th'other

In soul he mounts and flies, (earth.

In flesh he dies.

He wears a stuff, whose thred is coarse and round,

But trim'd with curious lace,

And should take place

After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here

Taste of the cheer:

But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,

So must he sip and think

Of better drink,

He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double

So is his trouble.

He hath two winters, other things but one:

Both frosts and thoughts do nip,

And bite his lip;

And he of all things fears two deaths alone:

Yet even the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happy is he, whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

sect. 5. Come my dear Ladies along
 with me to the Charnell house, bring your
 most serious thoughts and retired medi-
 tations into the chambers of death, let your
 soul begin with a deep sigh, proceed in a
 fixed consideration, and end in an holy re-
 solution;—come see your faces in this
 Glass, see, see the Wormes crawling a-
 long my paler face instead of patches, and
 of spots, how amiable the other day! how
 loathsome new! Come, come, walk o-
 ver my head to day, and others will walk
 over yours to morrow; scorn to day to
 tread the earth, and to morrow you are
 earth to tread on;—to day you are seen
 in Sedans, to morrow in your Coffins;—
 Coach it from place to place, to pass a-
 way the tedious houres, but remember
 your eternal rest; sleep, and dresse, and
 eat, rise up to Play, and visite, and sleep,
 againe; go on in one great round of vanity;
 I have been as you are, and you must be
 as I am, and knowing the time that now it
 is high time to awake out of sleep, for
 now

now is your salvation, neerer, then when you
 believed : The night is far spent, the day
 is at hand, O cast off the work of dark-
 ness and put on the Armour of Light :
 walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting
 and drunkenness, not in Chambering and
 wantonness, not in strife and envying, but
 put ye on the Lord Jesus, and make no
 provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts
 thereof : — what you think beauty to day,
 is rottenness and dust to morrow ; — to
 day you are loved, to morrow you are loat-
 hed ; now you are in the warme embrac-
 es of your Gallants, thronged with Cour-
 riers and with Servants, and anon they lay
 in that cold earth and leave you there for
 ever ! a little while, and I saw you sport,
 you wink, you rife, you jest, you laugh,
 you drol, you horangum and complement :
 a little while, and I saw you pale, speech-
 less, and dying, I heard you groan and sigh,
 and weep, and attend each other in your
 turnes to your long home, and there you
 left one dead, and another dead to morrow,
 and the rest went home to Learne to die,
 and think of another World ; — awake,
 awake, see what you are, see what you
 shall be, look beyond your sweets, beyond
 your allurements and your pleasures, yon-

der is death behind the Curtain ; you speak prettily now, anon alas ! the newes that you are speechless ; now you speak Pastorals & Comedies at a breath, anon we hear nothing but Scripture, nothing but *Christ came into the world to save Sinners, of whom I am cheif ; O God be mercifull to me a sinner : O what shall I do to be saved ? O my sins are greater then I can bear ?* how long will thou forget me O Lord, for ever ? ‘ And how long wil thou hide thy face from me ? hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious ? and hath he in anger shut up his tender mercy ? or is his mercy clean gone for ever, and doth his promise faile for evermore ? methinks I see you removed from your wanton Coaches to your death-bed, and there your Comrades drop about you their choicest fancies for mirth and recreation ; Lord what is this to me that must presently die ?---what is this to me who am going to my grave ?---my Romances and my Playes were by me when I was a dying, and not one good word did they afford me to support my drooping soul ; O miserable comfortable were they all ;—and behind them in a careless corner I spied that neglected book we call a Bible, Lord what joy, what comfort,

fort, what support, and refreshment; one word of That was worth a World ! then I sighed and wept, that I had Heaven in a book, and would not look into it ; — O for a day more of those I spent in vaine; O for few of those millions of minutes I spent in Pastoralls and Sonnets whereof I am now ashamed (for what profit had I in these things ?) to read this holy Book, this Book of Life, this Letter of God to precious Souls, — this happy mystery hid from ages and from generations, and made known to Christians in earth, and Saints in Heaven, — wherein God unbosometh himself to man, O I would read it as my life ; — O had I had nothing by me but the frothy and light discourses of wit and fancy, would I had never been born or would I had dyed as soon as I was born.

When my soul dispaired, there none to comfort, none to help till the glad tidings of joy and peace were opened to me in the holy Scriptures, the Scripture's worth a World which were written for our instruction, that we through the comfort of the Scripture should have hope; ' And strong consolation who have fled for refuge to ' lay hold upon the hope set before us ; ' which hope we have as an Anchor sure

' and stedfast, and which entreth into that
 ' within the Vaile whither the fore-runner
 ' for us is entred. A moneth ago I passed
 by my melancholy houres with expence of
 money and time, which my God bestowed
 upon me for better purposes, from Playes
 to Maskes, from Maskes to Banquets; ah!
 what profit was there in these things? then
 alas, I laughed; since upon my death-bed:
 (for while vve are fooling, we are dying
 too,) all this was quit forgot, and then
 I saw that I as you walked in a vaine shew;
 then o for an interpreter, one of a thousand,
 to shew to me my uprightnes, who
 should pray unto God, for me, that he w'd
 be favourable unto me, and I may see his
 face with joy, (for God looketh upon men,
 and if any say I have sinned, and perverted
 that which was right, and it profired me
 not, he will deliver his soul from going to
 the pit, and his life shall see the Light:
 lo these things God worketh oftentimes
 with man.) I said one day---this preaching,
 these Sermons, nothing but preaching,---
 ah, at my last day I said, ah, nothing, but
 preaching,---I used to passe by the Church
 and the precious opportunities of drawing
 near to God with this scornfull World,
 there is nothing but prayers,---ah, when
 the

the sorrows of death layd hold upon me,
and the terrours of hell surprized me, ah,
then said I—nothing but Prayer, prayer,
prayer.

¶ Prayer.

Prayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n & earth.
Engine against th' Almighty, sinners towre,
Revered thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-days world-transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear,
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bells beyond the Stars heard, the souls
The land of spices something understood. (blood,

O then said I, call for that serious man
the Minister I laughed at oftentimes, and
let him pray over me, and the prayer of
faith may save the sick, and the Lord may
raise him up, and if he have committed
sins they shall be forgiven him ; —the ef-
fectual fervent prayer of the righteous as
weary as I was of them availeth much ; O
let my portion be among them that pray ;
what ever I have thought, one thing do I
desire of the Lord, that will I seek after,
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord

all the dayes of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his Temple;—O now how amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of hosts ! now my soul is weary of Playes, Humors and follies ; longerth, yea even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord; my heart & my flesh, cryeth out for the living Lord God ; for a day in thy house to prepare for this last hour, is better then a thousand elsewhere; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, then to dwell in the Tents of wickedness; for now I know that the Lord is a Sun and a Shield; the Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly; O Lord God of Hosts, blessed is that soul that trusteth in thee ;— O thought I, have I spent six dayes in folly, vanity, dancing, masking, and excess to satisfy my humor for a moment, and have I neglected that one day set aside—to prepare my immortal soul for its eternity! — Lord, where are my former pleasures! as they are passed before into nothing, and I shall see them no more, I look behind me and see nothing but darkness and silence as deep as mid-night, and such a black nothing as that was before I was born ;—alas ! as

I went to a Play & there staid some hours,
and saw their variety of folly, and then saw
the Stage shut up and returned home, so
I appeared in the World for some dayes,
and saw its several Scenes, and now I must
go off the Stage, and betake my self to my
long home never to return again,—you
indeed must come to me, I cannot come
to you.—

Come dear Ladies, you know what
pretty wayes we had to pass the time which
we thought too tedious and too slow; An-
gels and holy Soules do not so here in hea-
ven; here eternity is thought too little to
do well; here they say time is the most
precious of those gifts that came down
from the Father of Lights, so precious
that he keeps it in his own hand, and dis-
penseth it to men by minutes only and by
moments, so precious that it is the price of
Christs blood, and all the houres you live
and play away are the purchase of his death.
O sad! O sad! that we dance, and revel,
and game, and dresse, and Complement a-
way the blood of Christ!—each hour the
Taverne hath, the Play-house, our
Cards, our Dice, and our worst sports
challenge, they are not our own but Gods;
they are passed indeed, but yet must be ac-
counted

counted for,--they are the precious houres
bought with the blood, begged by the
prayers of our blessed Saviour.

And I heard the groanes and cry of those
who are gone to the other sad eternity,—
'O time, O time shall be no more, O
'that we might redeem the time, O that
'we might once again see the days of hope,
'and meanes, and mercy, which once we
'saw, and would not see ! O that we had
'those dayes to spend in penitential teares
'and prayers, and holy preparations for
'an endless life, which we spent at Cards
'in needles recreations, in idle talke, in
'humoring others, in pleasing of our flesh,
'or in the inordinate care and busines of
'the World ! O that our youthfull dayes
'might return, and our years be received,
'that the houres we spent in vanity might
'be recalled ! that the Sun would once
'more shine upon us ! and patience once
'more with mercy reassume their work !
'O that we were once again upon the
'earth ! O that prayers and tears, that
'price or paine could bring back lost abused
'time ! Oh, for one offer more of mercy
'and of salvation!--Ah we would refuse
'no more, Ah once more a life,-- once
'more admittance to the holy assemblies,
'once

'once more a serious Minister; O God,
 try us once again; but it cannot, it will
 not be,—they seek repentance with tears,
 but find it not,---then I heard the sad an-
 swer that would break a heart,---Because I
 have called and ye refused, I have stretch-
 ed out my hand, and no man regarded, but
 ye have set at nought all my counsell, and
 would none of my reproofe, I will also
 laugh at your calamity, I will mock when
 your fear cometh, when your fear cometh
 as desolation, and your destruction as a
 whirlwind, when distress and anguish
 cometh upon you,---now you call upon
 me, and I will not answer you, you shall
 seek me early and shall not find me, for
 that you hated knowledge, and did not
 choose the fear of the Lord; you would
 have none of my counsell, you despised all
 my reproofe, therefore shall you eat of
 the fruit of your own way, and be filled
 with your own devices; awake I enreat
 you, awake and live, either now or never,---
 that which once was, will be no more;
 yesterday will never come again, to day
 is casting and will not return; this is the
 day of salvation, this is the accepted time;
 awake you that sleep and stand from the
 dead, and Christ may give you light; o-
 ther

therwise aneverlasting darknes will shortly end your time and dayes; if ever you'll be saved, it must be now; if ever you will repent it must be now; if ever you will be pardoned and reconciled to God, it must be now; O that you vvere vvise, that you understood this, that you vvould consider your later end,---that you vvould let those vvords sink into your hearts vvwhich came from the heart of your Redeemer as its evident from his ears,(If thou hadst known, even thou,at least in this thy day,the things that belong unto thy peace! but now they are hidder from thine eyes,---vvhat do you meane?vvhy do you not begin to live? vvhat sinning, and yet dying? vvhat? not part vvith your sins vvhen you must learn from me that you must part vvith your souls! vvhat? play and drink, and jest and sweare, and not yet prepared for death and judgement! is this to live as they that must live no more,is this to *work* as they that must vvork no more? have you immortal souls, or have you not; is there another world, or is there not? or do you sleep,feed,dress, and die as useles as the Beast,as unsensibly as the child new born, and never live the life of men, that is of steady reason, solid virtue and fixed grace,placed in a wise, sober,

ber, serious, and well-instructed soul, and leave those things you must all-ways be ashamed of;—still dead in trespasses and sins, will you never live to reason, and the sober counsells of Religion do now trifle away time and life; when alas, to morrow you will weep bitterly that they stay no longer;—alas! to think that splendid Court I lived in yesterday, when a few years are gone, shall know none of its Inhabitants; our Fathers where are they? to think that your abode, employment and delight shall know you no more; you must see these faces of your friends, and converse in flesh with men no more; this World, these Houses, these honours, that wealth, that power must be to you as if you had never known it, alas! what did I carry to the grave? Naked came I into the World, naked returned I out of it;—I know you sigh, and silently wonder and pitty (but pitty most your selves,) over my grave; what remains of that?—vanity I had about me now, but a pile of dust and a Coffin, that within few years will be dust too, and I then shall be so little that I cannot be found being mingled with common dust,—the other day I looked about me and had the regard and

reverence of all that saw me,—yet unregarded now *I* am the object of their pity, as they shall be of others;—*I* had a name, but death that period of all things will bury that name, and *I* shall be no more some scores of years hence then *I* was some score of yeares before.

I have enjoyed the highest comforts of this World, but now God knowes whose these things shall be ;---*I* am dead to the World, and the World is dead to me ;---alas my pleasures, treasures, and comforts of this life, Childrens, goods, Gold, great friends, Lands, livings, possessions, Offices, honours, high Roomes, brave situations, fair prospects, sumptuous buildings, pleasant walkes, and even the World it self, upon which *I* have lost labour, time, care, thoughtfulness, all upon the stroke of death, which neither heaven nor earth, nor any created power could any wayes possibly prevent, divert, or adjourne, *I* suddenly, utterly, and for ever left, never more to be minded, medled with, or enjoyed in this World or the World to come; when our breath goeth forth and we return to our dust, all our thoughts perish ;----O Sirs, set not your hearts on those things in this life, which you cannot, you must not enjoy

enjoy in the second life; for alas ! they are
 1. All vanity, 2. Vexation of spirit,
 3. They cannot satisfie the soul, 4. They
 will not profit in the evil day, 5. They
 reach not to eternity, 6. They may be
 lost in a moment. —

ser. 6. Ah Sirs, you see you must die
 but once, and if you once mistake, you are
 undone everlastingly ; — if I were to live
 again, all my abilities and businesses, and
 whole being in this life, & all my thoughts,
 words, actions, should referre to this one
 thing which is attended with endless
 plagues or pleasures, with eternity either
 of flames or felicity, — if you knew what
 it was to lie upon your last bed, assaulted
 by the King of terrours, and amazed by
 your own sins and the powers of the world
 to come, especially the terrour of that
 just and last Tribunal, to which you are
 ready to pass, to reckon with almighty
 God for all things done in the flesh ; what
 manner of men would you be in the mean
 time, in all holy care and forecast, to give
 up your account at that dreadfull hour !
 you would in this day constantly improve
 all opportunities, occasions, offers every
 moment, ministry, mercy, motions of
 the Spirit, checks of conscience, correcti-
 ons,

ons, temptations to store your selves with spiritual strength against your last encounter, and of highest consequence, either for eternal happineffe, or unconceivable misery.—

sett. 7. Ah Sirs, you see when the soul departs this life, it carrieth nothing away with it, but grace, Gods favour, and a good conscience; you see that to me and so to you all worldly glory must set for ever ;---and what will an immortal soul destitute of grace do then ? then (as that holy man hath taught me) that newly separated soul finding no spiritual store, or provision laid up in this life against the evil day, with an irkesome and furious reflection, looks back upon all its time spent in the flesh, and behold they are nothing but abominations, guiltiness, and sin, presently awakes the ever dying worme which having formerly had its mouth stopped with carnal delights, and muffled up with carnal mirth, will now feed upon it with horreur, anguish and desperate rage world without end ; O Sirs, let these dear, precious, and everlasting things, breathed to our bodies for a short time in this vale of teares, by the alpowerful God leave the things below so disproportion-
able

able either for divines or duration to its noble and Cælestial nature.---

sect. 7. Look on my body now my soul is gone, what a loathsome and abhorred spectacle it is; those that loved it most cannot now find in their hearts to look upon it; down I must go to the place of Skulls, and there be covered with Wormes till I moulder away to rottenness and dust:---were I to live again, I would never for a little, sensual, short and vanishing delight, in satisfying the lusts of the flesh, and if the eye with the pride of life drown both body and soul in a dungeon, or in a boyling sea of fire and brimstone, where I can find no bankes and feel no *battome*: look on me, and paint and patch, alas you are yet no more then painted Sepulchres, adorned rottenness; look upon me and mend nature, correct the work of God, which yet you see our God can turn to dust:---where are now my spots and colours, and other Ornaments of art, whereby I was distinguished from the common faces, alas? I am now an undiscerned earth, and few dayes hence who knowes the difference between my Skull and others? earth, dust, and ashes are the same still under all the Varnishes

D

of

of art : look in here I pray you to my grave, what a sad spectacle is this, what a frightfull object, see you not this great number of dead Sculls which heaped one upon another, make a mountaine of hor-
 rour and affright ; --- see there which is *Jefabel*, painted dust, and which the plaine
 ashes of the poor, see if you can distin-
 guish now between the pomp and fancy of
 great *Bernice*, and the meaner remainder
 of her Maid *Evodias*. —

Sett. 8. Lord, what a change is here,
 the other day we drolled and laughed, and
 sat five at a Stage when we are weary the
 first hour at Church ; and now alas ! e-
 ternity it self is little enough for more se-
 rious things for contemplation, praise, and
 the employments of heaven ; — ah Sirs,
 were you here to cast one eye down to the
 earth you would alter your lives ; would
 you play away your time if you saw as we
 saw that God that gave you time ready to
 pronounce that in *Rev. 2.* *I gave them
 space to repent and they repented not.* —
 Would you play ? if you saw the judge-
 ments threatned on the one hand, the
 plots against your peace and welfare on
 the other ? will you trifle, swear, whore,
 and drink away a gracious King again ;
 will

will you revell away your peace and Government ? and then curse the poor Paganatikes, whereas God knowes your destruction is of your selves; is your requital to God (say the Angels and Saints,) for the late miracle of Restauration ? are these your former vows, and resolutions ? do you thus requite the Lord you foolish people and unwise ? a Church you have restored, but you regard the Play-houses more then it, holy Prayers restored but yet neglect ; and oathes flying thicker among you then your prayer : hath God removed those you call hypocrits, to give place to you to dissemble and cheat much more vilely : were you restored to your plenty and excess, to look with upon your distressed brethren, and carlesly let them starve and perish ; its true you say, &c.

Tell bawling Babes of *Bagbears*, to fright them into quietnesse; or terrify youth with *old Wives Fables*, to keep their wild affections in awe: such *Toyes* may work upon their timorous apprehensions, when wholsome *precepts* fail, and find no audience in their youthful eares. Tell not me of Hell, Devils, or damned souls to enforce me from those pleasures which they *nick-name* sin. What tell ye me of *Law* ? my soul is sensible of *Evangelical precepts* without the neediesse and uncorrected thunder of the *killing Letter*, or the terrible periphrase of some roaring *Boanerges*, the

tediousnesse of whose language still determines in *damnation*; wherein I apprehend God far more *merciful* then his *Ministers*. Tis true I have not led my life according to the Pharisaical *square* of their *opinions*, neither have I found judgments according to their *prophecies*; whereby I must conclude that God is wonderfully *merciful*, or they wonderfully *mistaken*. How often have they thundred *torment* against my *voluptuous* life? and yet I feel no *pain*. How bitterly have they threatened *shame* against the *vaunts* of my *vain* glory? yet find I *honour*. How fiercely have they preach'd *destruction* against my *cruelty*? and yet I *live*. What *Plagues* against my *swearing*? yet not *infected*. What *diseases* against my *drunkenness*? and yet *sound*. What *danger* against *procrastination*? yet how often hath God been found upon the *death-bed*? What *damnation* to *Hypocrites*? yet who more *safe*? What *stripes* to the *ignorant*? yet who more *scot-free*? What *poverty* to the *slawful*? yet themselves *prosper*. What *falls* to the *proud*? yet stand they *surest*. What *curses* to the *covetous*? yet who *Richer*? What *judgments* to the *lascivious*? yet who more *pleasure*? What *vengeance* to the *prophane*, the *ensorious*, the *revengeful*? yet none live more *unscourg'd*. Who deeper *branded* then the *Liar*? yet who more *favour'd*? Who more *threatned* then the *presumptuous*? yet who lesse *punished*? Thus are we fool'd and kept in awe with the strict *fancies* of those *Pulpit-men*, whose *opinions* have no ground but what they gain from popularity: Thus are we frighted from the *liberty* of *Nature* by the politick *Chimeras* of *Religion*; whereby

we are necessitated to the observing of those *Laws*, whereof we find a greater necessity of breaking.

But stay my friends, what is that speaks felicity to my troubled thoughts? because you have not kept Gods law, all the curses in the book of God shall overtake you untill you be destroyed, and the anger of the Lord may be kindled against this Land, to bring upon it all the curses written in the book of God: Thus saith the Lord, behold, I will bring evil upon this place, and upon the Inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book.---but if I lived again I would say to my soul,

Presumption is a sin, whereby we depend upon Gods mercies without any warrant from Gods Word. It is as great a sin. O my soul, to hope for Gods mercy without *Repentance*, as to distrust Gods mercy upon *Repentance*. In the first thou wrongst his *Justice*; in the last, his *mercy*. O my presumptuous soul, let not thy *prosperity in sinning* encourage thee to sin; lest climbing *without warrant* into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgment. Be not deceived; a long *Peace* makes a bloody *War*, and the abuse of continued mercies makes a sharp judgment. Patience when slighted turns to *fury*, but ill-requested starts to *vengeance*. Think not that thy unpunished sin is hidden from the eye of Heaven, or that Gods judgments will delay for ever. The stalled Oxe that wallows in his plenty, and waxes wanton with ease, is not far from slaughter. The *Ephod*, O my desperate soul, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must go on, and

then it hurries on the wings of the wind. Advise thee then, and whilst the *Lamp* of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the *evill day*, which being come, *Repentance* will be out of date, and all thy *Prayers* will finde no eare.

Scē. 9. But most of your thoughts are like them I read in that ingenious man.----

So, now my soul thy happineffe is *entaild*, and thy illustrious name shall live in thy *succeeding Generations*. Thy dwelling is establish'd in the *fat* of all the Land; thou hast what mortal *heart can wish*, and wantest nothing but *immortality*. The *best* of all the land is thine, and thou art planted in the *best* of *Lands*. A Land whose *Constitutions* make the *best* of Government, which *Goternment* is strengthened with the *best* of *Laws*, which *Laws* are executed by the *best* of *Princes*; whose *Prince*, whose *Laws*, whose *Government*, whose *land* makes us the *happiest* of all subjects, makes us the *happiest* of all people. A Land of strength, of plenty, and a Land of peace; where every soul may sit beneath his *Vine*, unfrighted at the horrid language of the hoarse *Trumpet*, unstartled at the warlike summons of the roaring *Cannon*. A Land whose beauty hath surpriz'd the ambitious hearts of forraign *Princes*, and taught them by their *martial Oratory* to make their vain attempts. A Land whose strength reads vanity in the deceived hopes of *Conquerours*, and crownes their enterprizes with a *shameful overthrow*. A Land whose native plenty makes her the worlds *Exchange*, supplying others, able to subsist without supply from forraign Kingdomes; in it selfe *happy*, and abroad *honourable*. A Land that hath

no vanity, but what the sweetest of all blessings, peace and plenty; that hath no misery but what is propagated from that blindness which cannot see her own felicity. A Land that flows with Milk and Honey, and in brief wants nothing to deserve the title of a Paradise. The Curbe of Spain, the pride of Germany, the ayde of Belgia, the scourge of France, the Empress of the World, and Queen of Nations. She is begirt with Walls, whose Builder was the hand of Heaven, whereon there daily rides a Navy-Royal, whose unconquerable power proclaims her Prince invincible, and whispers sad despair into the fainting hearts of foreign Majesty. She is compact within her self in unity, not apt to civil discords or intestine broyles. The envy of all Nations, the ambition of all Princes, the terror of all enemies, the security of all neighbouring states. Let timorous Pulpits threaten ruin, let prophesying Church-men dote, till I believe. How often and how long have these loud Sons of Thunder false-propheied her desolation? and yet she stands the glory of the World. Can Pride demolish the Towers that defend her? Can drunkenesse dry up the Sea that walls her? Can flames of lust dissolve the Ordinance that protect her? Be well advis'd my soul; there is a voyce from Heaven roares louder then those Ordinances, which saith, Thus saith the Lord, The whole Land shall be desolate, Jer. 4. 27.

His Proofs.

Isay 14. 7, &c. The whole Earth is at rest, and at quiet, they break forth into singing. Yea the Fir-trees rejoyce at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon sing, &c. Yet shalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the sides of the Pit.

D +

le.

Jer. 5. 12. They have belied the Lord, and said, It is not he, neither shall evil come upon us, neither shall we see sword or famine.

1 Cor. 10. 12. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Luke 17. 27. They did eat and drink, and they married Wives and were given in marriage, untill the flood came and destroyed them all.

S. August. Whilst Lot was exercised in suffering reproach and violence, he continued holy and pure, even in the filth of Sodom: but in the mount, being in peace and safety, he was surpris'd by sensuall security, and defiled himself with his own daughters.

Greg. Mag. Our prosperous and happy state is often the occasion of more miserable ruin; a long peace hath made many men both carelesse and cowardly; and that's the most fatall blow when an unexpected enemy surpriseth us in a deep sleep of peace and security.

Security is an improvident carelesseesse, casting out all fear of approaching danger. It is like a great Calme at Sea, that fore-runs a storm. How is this verified O my sad soul in this our bleeding Nation! Wert thou not till now for many years even nuzzl'd in the bosome of habitual peace? Did'st thou forsee this danger? Or could'st thou have contrived a way to be thus miserable? Didst thou not laugh invasion to scorn? or did'st thou not less fear a Civil war? Was not the Title of the Crown unquestionable? and was not our mixt government unapt to fall into diseases? Did we want good Laws? or did our Laws want execution? Did not our Prophets give lawfull warning? Or were we moved at the sound of
Judge

Judgement? How hast thou liv'd O my uncareful soul to see these propheties fulfill'd, and to behold the vials of thy angry God pour'd forth? Since Mercies O my soul could not allure thee, yet let these judgements now at length enforce thee to a true repentance. Quench the Fire-brand which thou hast kindled; turn thy mirth to right mourning, and thy feasts of joy to humiliation.

Cassian.

There is no better expedient of security, then to commit all our interest to God, who knows how to give good things to them that ask him.

Señ. 10. Indeed I heard you say--- But hold: There is a voyce that whispers in my troubled ear; a voice that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my resolves; a voyce that chills the bosome of my soul, and fills me with amazement:

Mark Gal. 5. 21. They which doe such things shall not inherit the Kingdome of God.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14. Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

Matth. 5. 28. Whosoever looks upon a Woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13. Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting or in drunkenness, nor in chambering, nor in wantonness.

1 Pet. 2. 11. Abstain from fleshly lusts, which warre against the soul.

Nilus in Paræn. Woe be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and spotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom casts him out from his chaste nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and baineous offences do
arise

arise and spring from the filthy fountain of adulterous lust, whereby the gate of Heaven is shut, and poor man excluded from God.

S. Greg. Mort. Hence the flesh lives in sensual delights for a moment, but the immortal soul perishes for ever.

Lust is a Brand of original fire, rak'd up in the Embers of flesh and blood, uncover'd by a natural inclination, blown by corrupt Communication, quencht with fasting and humiliation: it is rak'd up in the best, uncovered in the worst, and blown, in thee O my lustful soul. O turn thine ear from the pleadings of Nature, and make a Covenant with thine eyes. Let not the language of Delilah inchant thee, lest the hands of the Philistians surprize thee. Review thy past pleasures, with the charge and pains thou hadst to compass them, and shew me, where's thy penny-worth? Foresee what punishments are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell me, what's thy purchase? Thou hast barter'd away thy God for a lust; sold thy eternity for a trifle. If this bargain may be recall'd by teares, dissolve thee O my soul into a spring of waters; if to be revers'd with price, reduce thy whole estate into a Sack cloth and an Ash-tub, Thou whose Liver hath scorch'd in the flames of lust, humble thy heart in the Ashes of Repentance: and as with Esau thou hast sold thy Birth-right for Broth, so with Jacob wrestle by Prayer till thou get a blessing.

Anonym. Consider well, how empty thy pleasure will be when it is past, and thou cuttest off the christ strength of the temptation.

SECT. 11. Indeed you lived as if you said those words

words---- But stay, my soul, I fear thy reckoning fails thee. If thou hast judgment to *discover*, wit to *bargain*, Gold to *employ*, skill to *manage*, providence to *dispose*; canst thou command the Clouds to *drop*? or if a wet season meet thy *harvest*, and with open sluices overwhelm thy *hopes*, canst thou let down the *flood-gates*, and stop the watry *Flux*? Canst thou command the *Sun* to shine? Canst thou forbid the *Mildewes*, or controll the breath of the malignant *East*? Is not this Gods sole *Prerogative*? And hath not that God said, *When the workers of iniquity doe flourish, it is that they shall be destroyed for ever?* Ps. 92. 7.

His Proofs.

Job 21. 7. *Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea are mighty in power?* 8. *Their seed is established in their sight, and their off-spring before their eyes.* 9. *Their houses are safe from feare, neither is the wrath of God upon them.* 10. *Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not; their Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calf.* 11. *They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children daunce.* 12. *They take the Timbrel, and the Harp, and rejoyce at the sound of the Organ.* 13. *They spend their daies in wealth, and in a moment they go down to the Grave.*

Nil. in Parænes. *Voe be to him that pursues empty and fading pleasures: because in a short time he fats and pampers himselfe as a Calf to the slaughter.*

Bernard. *There's no misery more true and real, then false and counterfeited pleasure.*

Hierom. *It's not onely difficult, but impossible, to have Heaven here and hereafter; to live insensu-*

allusts, and to attain spiritual bliss; to pass from one paradise to another; to be a mirror of felicity in both worlds; to shine with glorious rays both in this globe of earth, and the orbe of Heaven.

How sweet a feast is till the reckoning come! A fair day ends often in a cold night, and the road that's pleasant ends in Hell. If worldly pleasures had the promise of continuance, prosperity were some comfort; but in this necessary vicissitude of good and evil, the prolonging of adversity sharpens it. It is no common thing, my soul, to enjoy two Heavens: Dives found it in the present, Lazarus in the future. Hath thy increase met with no damage? thy reputation with no scandal, thy pleasure with no cross? thy prosperity with no adversity? Presume not: Gods checks are symptomes of his mercy; but his silence is the Harbinger of a judgement. Be circumspect and provident my soul. Hast thou a fair Summer? provide for a hard Winter: The worlds River ebbs alone; it flows not: He that goes merrily with the stream, must bale up. Flatter thy self therefore no longer in thy prosperous sin, O my deluded soul, but be truly sensible of thy own presumption. Look seriously into thy approaching danger, and humble thy self with true contrition. If thou procure some herbs, God will provide his Passeeover.

Sed. 12. I must confess I heard you often say—
O but my soul, I hear a threatening voice, that interrupts my language.

Esay. 5. 22. Woe be to them that are mighty to drink Wine,

His Proofs.

Prov. 20. 1. *Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.*

Esay. 5. 11. *Woe be to them that rise up early in the morning to follow strong drink, that continue till night, untill wine enflame them.*

Prov. 23. 20. *Be not amongst Wine-bibbers.*

1. Cor. 5. 1. *Now I have written unto you, not to keep company; if any that is called a brother be a drunkard, with such a one no not to eat.*

Aug. in lib. Pen. *Whilst the drunkard swallows wine, wine swallows him; God disregards him, Angels despise him, men deride him, Virtue declines him, the Devil destroyes him.*

Aug. ad. sac. virg. *Drunkenness is the mother of all evil, the matter of all mischeif, the well-spring of all vices, the trouble of the senses, the tempest of the tongue, the shipwrack of chastity, the consumption of time, a voluntary madness, the corruption of manners, the distemper of the body, and the destruction of the soul.*

My soul, it is the voyce of God, digested into a judgement. There is no kicking against Pricks, or arguings against a divine Truth. Pleadest thou *Custom*? *Custom* in sin multiplies it: Pleadest thou *society*? Society in the offence aggravates the punishment: Pleadest thou *help to Invention*? Woe be to that barrenness that wants such showers: Pleadest thou *strength to bear much Wine*? Woe to those that are mighty to drink strong drink. My soul, thou hast sinned against thy Creator, in abusing that Creature he made to serve thee; Thou hast sinned against the Creature, in turning it to the Creators dishonour; Thou hast sinned against thy

thy self, in making thy comfort thy confusion. How many want that blessing thou hast turn'd into a curse? How many thirst whilst thou surfeitest? What satisfaction wilt thou give to the Creator, to the Creature, to thy self, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thy self, by a sober life; to the creature, by a right use; to thy Creator, by a true Repentance: the way to all which is Prayer and Thanksgiving.

Scē. 13. You remember we discoursed one day about a Sabbath Profanation----- and you said----- But now I am in the everlasting Sabbath that remaines for the people of God, I hear that whosoever doth any work on the Sabbath shall be cut off.-----

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 6, 7, 8. Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day: six daies shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do: but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 13, 14. TEE shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you. Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56. And they returned and prepared spices and oynments, and rested on the Sabbath day according to the Commandement.

Gregor. We ought upon the Lords day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addiect our selves to prayers; that whatsoever hath been done amisse the weeke before, may upon the day of our Lords resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex. Sin is the store-house of death and misery, it kindles flames for its dearest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sin, bu-
sies

fieth himself in the dead and fruitless works of wickedness, and renouncing all piety, lusts after such things as will bring him into eternal destruction and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned; because when he might have enjoy'd a pious rest, he labour'd to run headlong to his own destruction.

My soul how hast thou profaned that day thy God hath sanctified ! how hast thou encroached on that which heaven hath set apart ! if thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve houres*, what happiness canst thou expect in a perpetual Sabbath ? Is six dayes too little for thy self, and two houres too much for thy God ? O my soul, how dost thou prize temporals beyond eternals ? Is it equal that God, who gave thee a body, and six dayes to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and be denyed it ? How *liberal a Receiver* art thou, and how *miserable a Requirer* ! But know, my soul, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye. He that hath power to vindicate the breach of it, hath threatned judgements to the *breaker* thereof. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigour* of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness sake. Forget not then my soul to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his *judgements*, lest he forget to remember thee in *mercy*. What thou hast neglected, bewaile with *contrition*, and what thou hast repented, forsake with *resolution*, and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with *devotion*.

Scē. 14. When you are charged with that Court-Sin of Lying and dissembling, methinks I read your thoughts :

Nay

Nay if Religion be so strict a Law, to bind my tongue to the necessity of a truth on all occasions; at all times, and in all places, the gate is too strait for me to enter; or if the general rules of downright truth will admit no few exceptions, farewell all honest mirth, farewell all trading, farewell the whole converse betwixt man and man. If alwayes to speak punctual truth be the true Symptome of a blessed soul, Tom Tell-truth has a happy time, and fools and children are the only men. If truth sit Regent, in what faithful breast shall secrets find repose? What Kingdome can be safe; What Commonwealith can be secure? What War can be successful? What Stratagem can prosper? If bloody times should force Religion to shroud it self beneath my roof, upon demand, shall my false truth betray it? Or shall my brothers life, or shall my own be seisd upon through the cruel truth of my downright confession? or rather not be secured by a fair officious lye? Shall the righteous Favorites of Egypts Tyrant, by vertue of a loudlie, sweeten out his joy, and heighthen up his soft affection with the Antiperistasis of teares? and may I not prevaricate with a sullen truth to save a brothers life from a blood-thirsty hand? Shall Jacob and his too indulgent Mother conspire in a lie to purchase a paternal blessing in the false name and habit of a supplanted Brother, and shall I questipn to preserve the granted blessing of a life or livelihood with a harmless lie? Come, come, my soul, let not thy timerous conscience check at such poor things as these. So long as thy officious eye aymes at a just end, a lie is no offence; so long as thy perjurous lips confirme
not

not thy untruth with an *Audacious* brow, thou needst not fear. The weight of the *cause* relieves the burthen of the *Crime*. Is thy *Center* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *Circumference* be; *Policy* allows it. If thy *journies* end be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be; *Divinity* allowes it. Wilt thou condemn the Egyptian Midwives for saving the *Infant* Israelites by so merciful a *lie*? When *Martial execution* is to be done, wilt thou fear to *kill*? When *hunger* drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be afraid to *steal*? When *civil wars* divide a Kingdome, with *Mercuries* decline a *lie*? No, circumstances excuse, as well as make the *lie*. Had *Cæsar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by such strict *divinity*, their names had been as silent as their *dust*. A *lie* is but a fair *put-off*, the *sanctuary* of a secret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *Stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Statesman, and a *salve* for many desperate sores. But hark, my soul, there's something rounds mine ear, and calls my language to a *Recantation*. The Lord hath spoken it, *Liars shall have their part in the lake web burneth with fire & brimstone*, Re, 21. 8.

His Proofs.

Thou shalt not raise a false Report, Exod. 20.

Levit. 19. 11. *Ye shall not deal falsely, neither lie one to another.*

Prov. 12. 22. *Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight.*

Prov. 19. 5. *He that speaketh lies shall not escape.*

Ephes. 4. 25. *Put away lying, and every one speak truth with his Neighbour: for we are members one of another.*

Revel,

Revel. 21. 27. *There shall in no wise enter into the new Jerusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.*

What a child O my soul hath thy false bosome harbour'd ! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from such a *Father* ? What blessing canst thou hope from Heaven, that pleadest for the *Son* of the devil, and crucifiest the *Son* of God ? God is the *Father of truth*. To secure thy estate thou denyest the *truth* by framing of a *lie* : To save thy brothers *life* thou opposest the *truth* in justifying a *lie*. Now tel me, O my soul, art thou worthy the name of a *Christian*, that denyest and opposest the *nature* of Christ ? Art thou worthy of *Christ* that preferrest thy *estate*, or thy brothers *life* before him ? O my unrighteous soul, canst thou hold thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the *lie*, and thy self guiltless that *maketh a lie* ? I, but in some cases *truth* destroyes thy life ; a *lie* preserves it, My soul, was God thy *Creator* ? then make not the devil thy *preserver*. Wilt thou despair to *trust* him with thy life that *gave* it, and make him thy *Protector*, that seeks to *destroy* it ? Reform thee, and repent thee, O my soul ; hold not thy life on such conditions, but trust thee to the hands that made thee.

Scil. 15. And after all this you put me off, and say, Tell me no more of fasting, prayer, and death ; They fill my thoughts with dumps of melancholy. These are no subjects for a youthful ease ; no contemplations for an active soul. Let them whom sullen age hath weaned from airy pleasures, whom wayward fortune hath conspired to sighes and groanes, whom sad diseases have

have beslaved to drugs and diets; let them consume the remnant of their wretched daies in dull devotion: Let them afflict their aking souls with the untunable discourses of mortality; let them contemplate on evil daies, & read sharp lectures of their own experience. For me, my bones are full of unctious marrow, & my blood of sprightly youth. My faire and free estate secures from the feares of fortunes frown. My strength of constitution hath the power to grapple with sorrow, sickness, nay the very pangs of death, and overcome. Tis true, God must be sought: What impious tongue dare be so basely bold to contradict so known a truth? And by *Repentance* too; What strange impiety dare deny it? Or what presumptuous lips dare disavow it? But there's a time for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no day designed; but, *At what time soever*. If my unseasonable heart should seek him now, the work would be too serious for so green a seeker. My thoughts are yet unsetled, my fancy yet too-too gamesome, my judgment yet unsound, my *Will* unsanctified. To seek him with an unprepared heart is the high way not to finde him; or to find him with unsetled resolution is the next way to lose him; and indeed it wants but little of prophaneity, to be unseasonably religious. What is once to be done, is long to be deliberated. Let the boyling pleasures of the rebellious flesh evaporate a little, and let me drain my boggy soul from those corrupted inbred humors of collapsed nature, and when the tender blossome of my youthful vanity shall begin to fade, my settled understanding will begin to knot, my solid judgement

will begin to ripen, my rightly guided *Will* be resolved, both what to seek, and when to find, and how to prize: till then my tender youth, in her pursuit, will be disturb'd with every blast of honour, diverted with every flash of pleasure, misled by counsel, turned back with fear, puzzled with doubt, interrupted by passion, withdrawn with prosperity, and discourag'd with adversity.

Take heed my soul: when thou hast lost thy self in thy journey, how wilt thou find thy God at thy journeys end? whom thou hast lost by too long delay, thou wilt hardly find with too late a diligence. Take time while time shall serve: that day may come wherein, *Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not find him.* Hos. 5.6.

His Proofs.

Esay. 55.6. *Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near.*

Heb. 12. 17. *He found no place for repentance; though he sought it with teares carefully.*

Luke 12. 20. *Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.*

Revel. 2. 21. *I gave her a space to repent, but she repented not: behold therefore I will cast her, &c.*

O my soul, thou hast sought wealth, and hast either not found it, or cares with it: thou hast sought for pleasure, and hast found it, but no comfort in it: Thou soughtest honour, and hast found it, and perchance fallen with it: Thou soughtest friendship, and hast found it false; society and hast found it vain. And yet thy God, the fountain of all wealth, pleasure, honour, friendship and society, thou hast slighted as a toy not worth the finding, Be wise, my soul, and blush at

at thy own folly. Set thy desires on the right object. Seek *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of dayes. Seek *heaven*, and *earth* shall seek thee; and deferre not thy *Inquest*, lest thou loose thy opportunity. To day thou mayest find him whom to *morrow* thou mayest seek with tears, and miss. Yesterday is too late, to *morrow* is uncertain, to day is only *thine*. I, but my soul, I fear me too long delay hath made *this day too late*. Fear not my soul, he that has given thee his *Grace to day* will forget thy neglect of *yesterday*: seek him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou shalt find him in thy Prayer.

Scēt. 16. And at last you throw away all, and say they are your own words—— Will *Boanerges* never cease? And will these *Plague-denouncers* never leave to thunder judgments in my trembling eare? Nothing but *plagues*? Nothing but judgments? Nothing but *damnation*? What have I done to make my case desperate? And what have they not done to make my soul despaire? Have I set up false Gods like the *Egyptians*? Or have I bowed before them like the *Israelites*? Have I violated the Sabbath like the *Libertines*? Or, like cursed *Cham*, have I discovered my Fathers nakedness? Have I embrued my hands in blood like *Barabbas*? Or like *Abolon* defiled my Fathers Bed? Have I like *Jacob* supplanted my elder brother? Or like *Ahab* intruded into *Nabals* Vineyard? Have I born false witness like the wanton *Elders*? Or like *David* coveted *Uriahs* wife? Have I not given *Tithes* of all I have? Or hath my purse been hide bound to my hungry brother? Hath not my *life* been blameless before men?

men? and my *demeanour* *unreproveable* before the World? Have I not hated *Vice* with a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd *virtue* with a due respect? What mean these *strict observers* of my life to ransack every action, to carpe at every word, & with their sharp censorious tongues to sentence every *frailty* with *damnation*? Is there no *allowance* to humanity? No *Graines* to flesh and blood? Are we all *Angels*? Has mortality no *priviledge* to supersede it from the utmost punishment of a little *necessary* frailty? Come, come, my soul, let not these *judgement-thunders* fright thee: Let not these *Qualmes* of their *exuberant* zeal disturb thee. Thou hast not cursed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshekah*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy *accusers*. They that censure thy *Gnats* swallowed their own Camels. What if the luxuriant stile of thy discourse do chance to strike upon an obvious *Oath*, art thou straight hurried into the bosome of a *Plague*? What if the *custome* of a harmles *Oath* should captivate thy heedless tongue, can nothing under sudden judgement seize upon thee? What if anothers *diffidence* should force thy earnest lips into a hasty *Oath*, in confirmation of a suffering *truth*; must thou be straight-ways branded with *damnation*? Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egypt's King*? Was *Peter* when he so denied his Master, straight damn'd for *swearing*, and forswearing? O flatter not thy self my soul, nor turn thou *Advocate* to so high a sin: Make not the slips of Saints a *precedent* for thee to fall.

If the *Rebukes* of flesh may not prevail, hear
then

then the *threatning* of the Spirit which saith, *The Plague shall not depart from the house of the swearer.*

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7. *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vaine; for the Lord will not hold him guiltlesse that taketh his Name in vaine.*

Zach. 5. 3. *And every one that sweareth shall be cut off.*

Math. 5. 34. *Sweare not at all, neither by Heaven, for it is Gods Throne, nor by the Earth, for it is his foot st. ol: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more then these cometh of evil.* Jer. 23. 10. *Because of swearing the Land mourneth.*

O what a judgment is here! how terrible! how full of Execution! The *Plague*? the extract of all diseases! none so mortall, none so comfortlesse! It makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers*. No comfort but in the expectation of the Months end. I, but this judgment excludes that comfort too; *The Plague shall never depart from the house of the swearer.* What never? Death will give it a period. No, but it shall be entail'd up on his House, his Family. O detestable! O destructive sin! that leaves a *Crosse* upon the doores of Generations, and layes whole Families upon the dust. A sin whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor pleasure allures, nor necessity compels, nor inclination of nature perswades; a meer *voluntary*, begun with a *malignant* imitation, and continued with an *habituall* presumption. Consider, O my soule, every *Oath* hath been a nayle to wound that *Saviour* whose blood (O mercy above expression) must save thee: Be
sensible

sensible of thy *Actions* and his *sufferings*: Abhorre thy selfe in Dust and Ashes, and magnifie his mercy that hath turned this judgement from thee. Goe wash those wounds which thou hast made with teares, and humble thy self with prayer, and true repentance.

If we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace
As plainly as that above doth show;
This were the better sky, the brighter place.
God hath made Stars the Foil
To set off virtues, griefs to set off sinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

F I N I S.
